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He Will Take Your Measure.

Berlin, N. Y., July 1st, 1872.

REGULARLY AND FREQUENTLY.

We had just locked up the safe, and I

put the key in my pocket—I am the ac-

countant of the North and South of Eng-

land Bank at its Padway Branch, W. R.

York—I had got my hat on, and had

taken up my umbrella, when a man came

running into the bank with a bag of

money in his hand.

Am I in time? he cried. I shook my

head.

Denise take it! he said; and I'm off to

Liverpool by the next train and then to

America.

Sorry for it, I said; but we can't take

the money.

Well, then, what is to be done? Here's

twenty-two thousand pounds in this bag

and these drafts of mine come due in a

couple of days. Well, you'll have to

take 'em up, he said; I can't, unless you

take the money in to-night.

I knew that those drafts were coming

due, and that our manager was a little

anxious about them, for they were rather

heavy, and the other names on them were

not very good. Black, too,—that was the

man with money-bag—Black was a capital

customer himself, but he brought good

accounts with him, and we were a young

branch and on our mettle.

Well, here was the money to meet the

drafts, say how, and I should have been a

great fool to send it away just because it

was after-hours. So I counted it all over;

there was about sixteen thousand in

checks and notes, and three thousand in

gold.

Come and have a glass of beer with me,

said Black, on the way to the station.

I put the bag of money in my desk, and

locked it up. I would come back presently,

and have it placed in the safe. I

walked to the station with Black; we

had some beer together, and then he went

off to America, and I on the way to

Nempharville.

You see I was rather in the habit

of calling for a glass of beer, and went

home, and then went on; and conse-

quently, from the force of habit, I'd al-

most got home before I remembered the

bag of money. It was vexing, too, be-

cause we had a tea-party that night, the

first since our marriage, and it began at

six o'clock, and I'd promised to be home

an hour earlier, to draw the corks and

help to get things ready. And here it

was six o'clock, and I had to go all the

way back to the bank.

All the way back I went as hard as I

could pelt. However, the money was all

right in my desk, and now I'd put it in

the safe. Tell Mr. Constance our man-

ager, you know—I said to the servant who'd

let me in, that I want the key of the safe.

But you had it in your pocket, say you;

which shows that you are not acquainted

with the rules and regulations of the

North and South of England Bank, which

says that the accountant or chief cashier

shall be responsible for the due custody

of the cash whilst it is in his possession in

the daytime, and that at night all moneys

and securities shall be carefully secured

within the office safe, which shall be se-

cured by two keys, one of which shall be

in the custody of the manager, and the

second in that of the accountant or cash-

ier. But you say again, as long as you

had one key, what did you want with

two? There, I own, the regulations are

obscure. They were drawn up by some

body without any literary skill, if they'd

consulted me about 'em, I could have sug-

gested a good many improvements.—

What they meant to say was, that the

safe was to be secured by two locks, and

that a key of each, not interchangeable

the one with the other, was to be in the

custody, &c. Now you understand why

I wanted Mr. Constance's key.

Eh, my! said the servant, opening her

mouth wide, and what might you want

Mr. Constance's key for?

Just as stupid as you, you see. I was

mad with the girl. I own I always get

out of temper with those Yorkshire peo-

ple. If you ask 'em the simplest ques-

tion, they open their mouths and gape at

you. When you've repeated the ques-

tion twice, they shut their mouths and

think for a bit. Then the idea seems to

reach the thing that does duty with 'em

for brains, and exerts a sort of reflex ac-

tion, for, by Jingo! instead of answering

your question, they go and ask you one.

And that makes me so mad. Oh, they're

a very dense race, those Yorkshire peo-

ple.

Why, to open the safe, you stupid, said

I. Where is he?

Don't ye know? says she.

Know? I cried in a rage. What should

I ask you for, if I did know?

Didn't you know he were at that

house?

Ah! so he was. I'd nearly forgotten

that he was one of the guests at my wife's

party. Clear's, I couldn't get the safe

open, and I didn't like to leave the money

in my desk, so I put it in my pocket

and took it home, thinking I'd give it to

Constance with my key, to put it in the safe

when he returned.

A nice mess I got into when I reached

home; for you see it had been arranged

that I was to go up stairs and dress be-

fore anybody came; and that then our

room was to be made ready for the ladies

to take their bonnets off—for they were

not off carriage-people. Well you never

saw such a thing? When I got home and

crept up stairs to dress—the people had

all come, so the servant said—there were

six muffs, and four bonnets, and five

pork-pie hats, and half a dozen slawls on

the bed; and one lady had left her every-

day curls hanging over the looking glass!

Upon my word, I really didn't like to per-

form my toilet among all these feminine

gear; and there was no lock to the door;

and my dress-clothes were all smothered

up amongst these muffs and things. But

I got through pretty well, and had just

got one of my legs into my trousers,

when bang-atrop-dop-dop! such a rattle

at the knocker, and I heard my wife scur-

rying away into the hall. They were the

Markys, our trampsteeds, who kept their

own carriage, and everything grand.

So kind of you, dear! said my wife,

kissing Mrs. Markby most affectionately;

I could hear the reports where I stood.

So delighted! Really, how nicely, how

beautifully you arrange everything! I

can't have things so nice, with all my

servants and—

Run up stairs, dear, said my wife;

you know the room—my room, right

hand at the top of the stairs.

I heard a flatter of female wings on the

stairs. What was I to do? I could

have managed the other leg, I wouldn't

have minded, but I couldn't. I hadn't

worn those dress-things for a good while,

and I don't get any thinner as I grow

older. No, for the life of me, I couldn't

dispose of that other leg at such short

notice. What could I do? I could only

rush to the door, and set my back against

it. Did I tell you this was our house

warming party? I think so. Did I tell

you our landlord had altered the house

for us, making our bedroom larger by ad-

ding a slip that had formed a separate

room? I think not. And yet I thought

my waterproof, Jack—oh! do run and

see if they've taken that.

Then I told her the story of the twenty-

two thousand pounds. She wouldn't be-

lieve me at first; but when she heard the

whole story, she was frightened enough.